

THE LIGUORIAN



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"Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that much of the reading matter that is so freely admitted into our homes is fraught with more danger to the soul of the child than the most virulent diseases are with danger to its physical health. Modern science and efficient public control teach us to guard the bodies of children from sickness and danger of death. The conscience of Christian parents should teach them to be equally vigilant when there is danger of the death of the soul of the child."

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. X.

SEPTEMBER 1922

No. 9

The Hands of Christ

O Infant Hands!

That oft sweet Mary's face caressed
And toyed with her soft hair!
Now on the Cross' rough wood pressed,
And helpless fastened there.

O Tender Hands!

That oft upon some curly head
So lovingly have lain!
And now upon the Cross instead
They're stretched in blood and pain.

O healing Hands!

That brought the bloom to cheeks long pale
Showed beauty to the blind!
Your fingers now around a nail
Caressingly you wind.
O weary Hands!

Each day you toiled, from morn to eve,
Until the last was blessed!
Now pierced, unto the Cross you cleave,—
Pain is your only rest.

O beautiful Hands!

That wrought a heavenly artistry
In souls with sin once scarred!
Now hate hath bruised you ruthlessly
And all your beauty marred.

O priestly Hands!

That wrought for us in bread and cup
Thy Presence, Flesh and Blood!
Now ruby red you offer up
Each drop upon the Rood!

O Hands of Christ!

O blessed Hands! unwearying in love!
Touch but these hands of mine!
Make them as strong and gentle prove,—
O Christ, make them like Thine!

A. A. Thomas, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

EILEEN'S PROBLEM SETTLED

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

On entering the Driscoll home, Father Casey found the table littered with fluffy white fabrics and mother busy stitching, for Eileen was to make her First Holy Communion on the morrow.

"Eileen has a tur'ble problemn, Father," said Bob. "Sister Majella told them to decide what they want to offer up their First Communion for, and she just can't make up her mind. I told her she could offer it for our nine—so we'd win the pennant."

"Ah, don't be silly," chided Grace. "I think she ought to offer it that they would strike oil on dad's claim. He has worked so hard for her and for all of us that he ought to have a chance to rest the remainder of his life." And the girl's eyes grew misty with a vision. It was not her father at leisure that she saw—but silks and diamonds and a grand mansion and an imported car.

"Don't you think I ought to offer it up just for papa and mamma?" asked Eileen with an undecided air.

"God bless you!" cried the priest. "You are a good child! Surely no one deserves it as the loving father and mother who have done so much for you! But—do you know what I was about to suggest?"

"What, Father?" they all asked eagerly.

"Of course, tomorrow, when our dear Lord comes into your heart for the first time, you will pray to Him very hard for your father and mother—beg Him to bless them and reward them and keep them well and help them to get to heaven, but you might offer up your Communion for—no, I suppose it is better to offer it for your father and mother after all."

"Oh, Father, please, what were you going to suggest? What were you going to say Eileen ought to offer her Communion for?"

"For pagan children," replied the priest.

"Oh!" There was a frank note of disappointment in their voices.

"It's like this," he hastened to add. "Suppose Eileen had a big thick slice of fresh bread with rich yellow creamery butter spread over it and strawberry jam on top of that—"

The description was too vivid for little Willie. Human restraint

has its limits. He had reached the limit. "Mamma-a, I'm hungry," he whined.

"Willie, keep still while the priest is talking," warned his indignant sister.

"Suppose," continued the pastor, "there were a starving child out in the alley. Now, while it would be nice for Eileen to give that bread to her parents, we know full well that they themselves would want her to give it to that poor child, for they could get their supper afterwards but the child would starve."

"Of course!" they all agreed.

"So, then, it's settled."

"What's settled, Father?" they cried. "What has that got to do with it? And besides there isn't any starving child out in the alley."

"I'm a stawving child," pouted Willie.

"No, there is no starving child out in the alley, but there are millions of pagan children who have never heard the name of God—who do not know how to save their souls and get to heaven. And so Eileen, instead of giving her wonderful gift to her father and mother, who can pray and hear Mass and receive the sacraments for themselves, will offer up her First Communion tomorrow for those poor pagan children. It will cause God to send them missionaries who will tell them of God and His wonderful love for them and of our blessed Mother Mary and of the dear angels and saints. And many of these pagan children will see and enjoy God forever in heaven because Eileen offered her First Holy Communion for them."

"Isn't that fine!" cried Bob. "You know, Father, I think I'd like to be a missionary."

"I fink I'd yike to be a missionwawy," chimed in Willie.

"You must not stop at 'liking.' If you are really thankful to God for making you Catholics, if you are in earnest about bringing the blessings of your holy faith to pagan children and opening heaven to them, you will begin right now."

"Bob doesn't know his catechism well enough to explain it to a man," said Grace.

"She admits I wouldn't have to know much to explain it to a woman—they have such few brains," retorted Bob with a grin.

"I don't admit anything of the kind," flashed back the rejoinder. "I meant any grown person, man or woman."

"You need not bother about the grown people," explained the priest. "You are little people; you need only save the little pagans. After you are grown up, you can begin to save the grown ups."

"But," and a cloud darkened Bob's enthusiastic face, "I don't think dad would let me go to China or Africa or—or—any place."

"You need not go to China or Africa or any place. You can stay right where you are and keep on going to school, and still be missionaries. Other children have been doing that for the past eighty years. They have the record of having sent directly to heaven over twenty-three million babies who would otherwise have died without Baptism. You see the pagans do not know the value of an immortal soul, and therefore, if they do not want a baby, they think no more of taking its life than you would of drowning a superfluous cat or dog. Take China for instance: they pay the woman nurse a few cents and she drowns the undesirable baby in a basin of warm water. In other parts of that country they throw the babies out into the street. If the poor little creatures have not been trampled under the hoofs of horses or devoured by dogs or pigs, a city cart comes along in the morning and the babies, both living and dead, are gathered up and hauled outside the walls. There a grave—or rather, a ditch—is dug and they are dumped into it. The ditch is left open for some hours in the hope that traveling Mohammedans may carry away some of those that still survive. Here is the field for the missionaries supported by the good Catholic children of whom I spoke. With a few cents they buy the babies who would otherwise be killed, or they bribe the officials to permit them to be taken from the carts. The rescued babies are taken to orphan asylums. These orphan asylums, too, are supported by good Catholic children. There the pagan children are brought up, receive a good education, are thoroughly instructed in our holy faith, and are formed into excellent Catholics. The babies that have been so long exposed or so badly treated that they cannot live are baptized, and thus go straight to heaven to pray for the conversion of their pagan relatives and to plead with the Divine Child Jesus for their benefactors. Missionaries among the grown ups have far greater difficulties. It takes them a long time to make good Catholics of even a few pagans. I believe our children have saved far more pagan children than our missionaries have saved older people. Why, in one year alone these child missionaries were supporting in pagan lands 1,573 orphanages,

12,545 schools, 4,550 places where the children learn trades and things like that. That same year they supported 512,831 children of pagans in these institutions and obtained the grace of Baptism for 459,603 dying pagan babies. That was the work of one year alone! Think of it! To open heaven every year for nearly half a million babies who would otherwise never see the face of God! Isn't that a noble record! What a grand welcome these good Catholic children will receive in heaven from the multitude of souls they have helped to save!"

"Father, who are the Catholic children that do all that fine work?"

"They are the Members of the Association of the Holy Childhood."

"I never heard of that before," said Grace.

"Then I fear you were not paying attention in church," returned the priest. "Pope Benedict XV, shortly before his death, wrote a letter to all the Catholics in the world. I explained that letter in church and told you how the Pope wished all Catholic children who really love their faith and are thankful for it, to become members of the Association of the Holy Childhood."

"Gwace wasn't paying attention in church! Gwace wasn't paying attention in church!" sang Willie with a small boy's malicious delight in teasing an older sister.

"Where are the children who belong to the Association of the Holy Childhood?" asked Bob.

"Thank God," returned Father Casey, "they are everywhere."

"When did it begin?"

"Back in the year 1842 there lived in France a zealous Bishop and a devout woman who were always planning how they could save more of the poor pagans for whom our Lord had shed His Precious Blood. The Bishop was Right Rev. Charles Augustine de Forbin Janson of the noble military family of that name, who had given up the brightest prospects in order to become a priest. The woman was Pauline Jaricot, the foundress of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. She is now Venerable and may soon be a canonized saint. One day they met. Of course, they talked of the subject so dear to their hearts, the conversion of poor pagans. When they parted they had already formed the plans—so simple yet so wonderful—of the Association of the Holy Childhood, a missionary society of Catholic children under that protection of the Child Jesus to work for the salvation of pagan children.

The good bishop died two years later, but not until he had established the Association so firmly that it has continued to grow ever since and has spread to every part of the world."

"Do they get in a big boat and sail till they come to an island full of savages and then go around and baptize all the babies?" asked Bob excitedly.

"Stupid! You are not allowed to baptize a baby unless it is going to be brought up a Catholic—except when it's dying!" snapped Grace.

"Oh, I meant all the dying babies," Bob amended weakly.

"No," returned the priest, "they do not attempt anything so impracticable. The Association of the Holy Childhood is a practical and sensible society, and that is one reason why it has accomplished so much good. Only after long study and training can one expect to succeed in working among the pagans. Those who take a sudden notion and get in a boat to go off converting pagans, have neither the virtue nor the training necessary, and they will very soon be looking for another boat to bring them back. No, the children of the Holy Childhood do not attempt anything impossible like that; they do something that is in the power of every child—they help the missionary priests and sisters by their prayers and alms—two things absolutely necessary for the missions."

"What prayers do they have to say? How much money do they have to give?"

"They have to say daily one Hail Mary, and add the words: Holy Virgin Mary, pray for us and for the poor pagan children. They have to pay at least one cent a month or twelve cents a year."

"Oh, that's not much. When he comes home tonight, I'll ask dad for twelve cents for the pagan babies."

"Ah," cried the priest, "that is not the idea! It is not your father who joins the Association of the Holy Childhood, but yourself. When your father helps the missions, he gives far more than that. You must deny yourself a motion picture show, an ice cream treat, or something of that kind, and give the money to help those poor unfortunate children who would otherwise be lost forever. Your act of self-denial really does more good than your money. And by making these sacrifices you are forced to think of the unhappy lot of the pagans and thus you learn to thank God for the gift of faith and you gradually acquire the true missionary spirit. You said a few minutes ago that

you would like to be a missionary; here is a chance to prove you are in earnest. If you have not the courage to make this little sacrifice now for the conversion of the pagans, it is certain that you will never have the courage to make the great sacrifices demanded of every missionary."

"I have fowteen cents," said little Willie. He extracted the coins from the pocket of his dirty blouse and offered them to the priest. "Now, have I got the missionwawy spiwit?" he asked expectantly.

"You have at least an unselfish spirit, which is a good sign for your future," replied Father Casey admiringly.

"Isn't Willie too little to be a member of the Holy Childhood?"

"Not at all. Every baptised child, no matter how small, may be enrolled in the Association. In fact, there are thousands upon thousands of good Catholic mothers who have their children enrolled as soon they are baptised. You may be sure that the Divine Child Jesus blesses their homes and takes particular care of those little ones who have been enrolled under His banner to work for the salvation of the souls He loves so well. As soon as these children are old enough they are taught to make some little sacrifice in order to contribute their annual dues to the Association, and they are also made to recite the prescribed daily prayer, that is, one Hail Mary with the invocation: Holy Virgin Mary, pray for us and for the poor pagan children. As soon as they reach the age of reason they can gain all the rich indulgence which the Church grants to the Association in order to encourage these youthful missionaries. After twenty-one they must join the Society for the Propagation of the Faith if they wish to continue to share in these indulgences."

"What must you do to join the Holy Childhood?" asked Grace.

"Simply hand in your name and your offering to the pastor. He will forward them to the Diocesan Director of the Association, who is generally the same as the Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. If there is no Diocesan Director, he will forward them to headquarters."

"Can we come to the priest's house some day this week and join?"

"Certainly, children! Nothing would give me greater happiness than to see you taking a lively interest in the foreign missions. God may reward you by giving you a vocation for this sublime work. Who knows but that some day, after you grow big and strong, you may

be members of a blessed band sailing away to far-off lands to spend your lives for the conversion of the pagan world!"

"I won't nevah gwow big and stwong," murmured Willie meditatively, "if I don't soon get a little nuwishment."

Within Four Walls

SEVENTY FIVE YEARS SERVICE FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

T. Z. AUSTIN, C. Ss. R.

In our day—and not infrequently even among Catholics—we find that the life of our Sisters is almost entirely misunderstood. Self-sacrifice for God is apparently beyond the grasp of many minds. Grown used to the clamor and din of the modern world, they can no longer conceive of happiness except in noisy self-indulgence. In fact, they cannot understand work even—except there is mingled in it the thud of the trip-hammer, the clangor of motors, the red shriek of advertisement, the puff of the sensational newspapers, the clink of gold, and the rush of jostling throngs.

Turn to our Sisterhoods—we are in a different world—working steadily as the sunshine that works in every tree and shrub and flower and blade of grass, producing health and strength, life and beauty.

"It is impossible," said Bishop Spalding of Peoria, in his preface to the life of Mother Caroline, "to take even a glance at the Catholic Church in the United States, without being struck by the work its religious Sisterhoods are doing. In one or two Protestant denominations there are a few communities of religious women, but in the Catholic Church alone do we find an army of women, organized into companies and regiments, bearing different names and having each its own leader, yet all enlisted under the banner of Christ to watch and pray, to do and suffer for the good of all."

The 18th of June, 1922, reminds us of the beginning of the labors of one of these Sisterhoods in the United States. It was on that day in 1847 that the little band of School Sisters of Notre Dame left their convent in Munich to sail for America. The foundress, Mother Mary Teresa Gerhardinger, was among them. On her departure, she wrote a brief exhortation to her Sisters, concluding with these words: "May

the strength and blessing of God always remain with you! Praised be Jesus and Mary!" This was her favorite salutation.

Indeed, looking back on the past seventy-five years we are led to exclaim: Praised be Jesus and Mary for the labors of Notre Dame in America.

THE COMING OF THE SCHOOL SISTERS.

Praised be God for their coming! It was born in a noble spirit of self-sacrifice and proved the beginning of untold good for the Church in our country.

To realize just what it meant for the five Sisters who set out in June, 1847, we must try to put ourselves back in their circumstances.

The order was as yet only in its infancy. Peter Fourier had founded the order of Sisters of Notre Dame and the order had in 1734 acquired a School in Stadtamhof, Bavaria, where the Sisters labored successfully for the education of girls. But in 1803, the Bavarian government, under the influence of the so-called "enlightenment," began its war on the Church, and naturally on the schools first. They harassed the convent for several years in various ways, until in 1808 the district government presumed to issue a permission to all the Sisters to leave the cloister. They did not. Consequently in the following year, a royal commissary announced to the Sisters that they must leave in four weeks. That was on August 1. The next day there was a public auction sale of all the property and goods owned by the Sisters. Some of the Sisters found their way to other convents; others lived by twos and threes in private dwellings. All proved faithful to their vows. Thus ended the last establishment of the Sisters of Notre Dame in Bavaria.

That very week the rector of the Cathedral of Munich, Rev. Michael Wittman, conceived the idea of re-establishing the order. He chose three pupils of the disbanded Sisters, and made them teachers and gave them charge of his girls' school. Mother Teresa Gerhardinger was the youngest of the three. But it was twenty-eight years more before a real community was formed. At length, after countless trials and difficulties, a convent was erected at Neunburg, and the little community received due recognition. The vows were taken on Nov. 16, 1834, under Mother Teresa Gerhardinger as Superior. The order spread rapidly. In 1841 the Mother-house was transferred to Munich.

Six years later the Archbishop of Munich advised her to accept

a foundation in America. The Benzinger Eschbach Company of Switzerland had purchased several hundred thousand acres of land in Pennsylvania with the intention of selling it to German immigrants and founding a city to be named St. Mary's. Five Sisters sailed on "Washington" and landed in New York on July 30, 1847, after a little more than a month at sea.

Their first visit was to the Redemptorist Church there and to the Fathers. The reception they met was most cordial.

"Our feelings of gratitude," wrote Mother Teresa, "cannot be expressed. I would never come to a close in trying to describe them." But the Fathers did not hesitate to warn them that their prospects for a foundation at St. Mary's were poor. They had had experience themselves. One of the Fathers asked Mother Teresa:

"Venerable Mother, do you intend to settle down in America?"

"Yes, with the help of God," was the reply.

"Have you brought money along? Much money?"

"We have sufficient money to pay our traveling expenses."

Thus with great confidence in God and very little of this world's goods, the Sisters of Notre Dame began. On the way to St. Mary's one of the Sisters sickened and died at Philadelphia. At length, after a long journey by stage, in a drenching rain, and a long trudge through the forest, they arrived at St. Mary's.

Mother Teresa saw at once that there was no thought of a lasting foundation here, and hence, following the advice of Ven. Bishop Neumann, then Rector of the Redemptorist Church of St. James, Baltimore, Mother Teresa took charge of their school.

In their new home they were not spared annoyances. Bigotry was rife. One preacher of the city exhorted his congregation to destroy "this place of abomination" and a number of his fanatic hearers resolved to destroy the building. Police guarded the Sisters' house. Several respectable Methodist ladies called on the Sisters to express their regret at the fright occasioned them and assured them they might be at ease, for the good part of the congregation had threatened the minister with dismissal if he did not desist from his attacks on the Sisters.

In 1848, Mother Teresa called for eleven more Sisters from Munich. In February of that year Bishop Henni visited Mother Teresa and asked her to establish the motherhouse of her order in this

country in Milwaukee. Father Neumann approved of the plan and made the tour of inspection with her. Their way led through New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago. From several Redemptorist parishes vocations came at once. Bishop Neumann was the consoler and support of Mother Teresa in all the hardships of her new foundations. "To him," says the biographer of Mother Teresa, "is due the credit of keeping untarnished the spirit of the order in the young American community." Shortly after, the venerable Mother, feeling that her work here was accomplished, returned to Munich.

Through infinite hardships—the difficulties of travel, the uncertainties of entering a strange land, the doubt and hesitation of some Bishops, the persecutions of bigots, the death of one of their first and most esteemed founders, the poverty and almost destitution of their first houses, the order of Notre Dame had at last won a foothold in America. Now the good work could go on.

GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT.

In 1850 the Motherhouse was actually transferred to Milwaukee and Mother Caroline (Josephine Friess), then 26 years old, was appointed Vicar General of the Order in America.

It is easy to count up in figures the number of convents founded from that time on, and the number of schools taken over by the Sisters. They devoted all their energies to parochial schools—schools, schools, for our Catholic children—this was the crying need of the hour, and in this need the School Sisters of Notre Dame came like an answer from heaven. "Secular priests applied for them to teach in their schools, and religious of several orders, Redemptorists, Capuchins, Jesuits, Franciscans, Benedictines, Resurrectionists, and Servites, called at the Motherhouse with the same object in view. Colleges and boarding schools were also established for those who desired a higher education and later on academies for young ladies, to lead up to University studies."

"In the thirtieth year of their activity in America they taught and educated 32,215 children in the parish schools, in protectories and orphanages; while the boarders and advanced pupils in advanced grades numbered but 1,365," we learn from statistics in 1884.

Three colonies of Sisters were sent out from Munich, numbering 22 Sisters, of whom 17 were teachers. Fifteen years later there were 291 Sisters laboring in 45 Missions in 9 states. Fifteen years more

and we find the number increased to 1,158 Sisters in 119 branch houses in 15 states of the Union.

In 1874 the communities were divided, for the sake of easier government, into two provinces: the Eastern, with its motherhouse at St. James, Baltimore, and the Western, with its motherhouse at Milwaukee. In 1894 the Western province had increased to such an extent and its houses had become so numerous that a further division was deemed necessary. The Southern province was therefore erected comprising the dioceses of St. Louis, New Orleans, Belleville, Alton, Davenport, Natchez, Lincoln, Little Rock, Dallas and San Antonio, with their Motherhouse at Sancta Maria, in Ripa, on the banks of the Mississippi, near St. Louis.

In 1910 the Northwest Province was formed with its Motherhouse at Mankato, Minnesota.

In 1921 the American provinces numbered 366 houses, 4,453 Sisters and 369 candidates. They taught 140,491 pupils.

It is easy to count up the numbers, but in order to get any idea at all of the value of the work of these 75 years, we must fill out in imagination the picture that these figures call up into one's mind.

The *Houses* founded often in dire poverty and need, maintained with support at times sadly inadequate, in the midst of communities that were poor and struggling, and at times not yet, as now, alive to the need of Catholic Schools and again in the midst of communities in which senseless bigotry prepared many an inconvenience.

The Sisters—of whom Bishop Spalding of Peoria wrote: "From many thousand homes they have gone forth, turning away from the flitting dawn of life, from all its bewildering promises of an earthly paradise, which for each one, somewhere lies hidden, leaving behind them gloom and weeping and a sense of irreparable loss—leaving their very names, the symbol of their identity, behind them; and now they are toiling in innumerable schools into which they carry, together with the teacher's knowledge and skill, the spirit of refinement and the power of religion. Like all the best and noblest, they work without a thought of what the world may say of them. Their good deeds they tell not even to God. When they are praised, it is in a general way, with little application to the individual. * * * They are but living forms of patience and service, of purity and love. What matters where their cradles stood, amid what scenes they grew, what arms held them

or what lips kissed their virginal brows. They came from God, they ministered to human needs and sufferings, they returned to God. This is the sum of their life's story. * * *

Are they to be pitied? Not they. For, as the Bishop continues: "In the midst of weakness they are strong; in the midst of trouble they are calm; in the presence of death they are cheerful. They are rich enough, though poor; happy enough, though beset by trials. In solitude they are full of peace, far from the world, their own thoughts keep them company; forgotten of men, they are at home with God."

The work: They do a work that is indispensable to the Church. The future of the Church depends on our youth. The only assurance we have for them is in their education, their training. If we had to confide them to religionless schools, dark indeed would be the outlook. But no! More than a hundred thousand of our best girls have stepped into the breach, and as Sisters, in thousands of schools, labor to train our youth in learning, in true citizenship, and in faith. Besides, through all these years they preserve and carry forward to other generations the fervor and simplicity, the piety and wisdom of the spirit of their institute—the very soul of their work.

LOOKING AHEAD.

The past is fairly golden. But the future? Already we have had to fight for the very existence of our schools in Michigan, in Oregon, in Oklahoma, in Iowa. These may be only the first rumblings of a storm that will break and sweep over the whole land. The Towner-Sterling Bill, indeed, is far from reassuring.

There are two ways of protecting ourselves. The first is to perfect our schools in efficiency till all the world is forced to acknowledge their superiority, and to this end the Sisters are laboring with a zeal and self-sacrifice that only those understand who try to acquaint themselves with their work. The second is to prize and value our schools at their true worth, and this our people must do. Then they will leave no stone unturned to defend them. For God and Country, will then read in more concrete and personal terms: for our schools and the faith of our children!

"The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; whereas the strongest by disbursing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything."—*Carlyle*.

The Hermit

A STORY OF STILL WATERS THAT RAN DEEP

C. S. BRENNAN, C. Ss. R.

There is such a thing as minding your own business too strictly. It makes one, or is liable to make one, self-centered, morose, one-sided, narrow; as, for instance, in the case of misers, misanthropes, and hermits. Yes, hermits—not the saintly type, you understand—but self-isolated specimens of human kind who can be found even in this modern day hidden away in the backwoods, living in some ramshackle lean-to on a partially cleared patch of ground, scorning the evidences of modern progress that speed by over the highway at their doors, silently satisfied with their squalor and their loneliness.

To produce more examples, we must descend to particular individuals. Now Bob Lavery, youngest son of Jack Lavery, an engineer of high standing and long service on the B. and O., was one of these. Bob, at the age of fourteen, had begun to learn that being the youngest of a family of eight, had its disadvantages as well as its merits. This was especially the case when Mrs. Lavery was honored with the Presidency of the Parish Ladies' Aid, and the office of Corresponding Secretary of the Foresters at the same time. For then, by sheer force of circumstances, Bob became official dish-washer, emergency cook and general man-of-all-work about the Lavery demesne.

The circumstances were few but all-compelling; chief among them being the location of Bob in the family tree. Of the eight children, Margaret, the oldest, had been married five years when this story happened—which implies that this is fact and not fiction. After her came John, William, a garageman in town and consequently well on the way to wealth; Lucy and Anna, both of them stenographers and expert in the use of cosmetics, which striking coincidence being strange, again indicates that this yarn is fact and not fiction. Next in order should have come Mary and Tom, but these two had been summoned to the Isles of the Blest during a pneumonia epidemic ten years ago. Bob therefore was separated from the rest by a gap of six years—but they might as well have been sixty. As the years brought him increased height and strength, they brought him also a gradually increasing share in the household labors; he became his mother's main assistant in the

home, and his father's official representative in the performance of duties about the grounds; and at the same time acquired a peculiar habit of being always alone. In due time, all of the little town of Salem came to know him, and knowing, to admire; but as for Bob, he felt like one having a position as unpretentious as it was responsible—a period at the end of a long sentence, as it were!

There were some good points to this unique course of character training. Owing to the number of small duties he had about home, Bob had been forced to be as regular as a clock in their performance if he wished to have any time for fun. Consequently, it was not a little surprise to some of the neighbors when they discovered that their children used to watch for Bob going to school. The idea, as these juvenile philosophers explained it, was to get in back of Bob, and then keep him in sight, for he was never late. Of course his stride was more efficient than beautiful, but he had no ambitions to be a dancing master. His schoolmates teased him about his "Daddy Long-legs Hike," but the teasing turned to admiration and envy when they once felt the sting of retributive justice for their own tardiness. Now you will think that Bob was too good to live, except as the leading character in a ten-cent best-seller. That's what some others thought, too; but therein lies the story.

Bob's fourteenth year of mundane existence found him finishing the eighth grade. And his birthday, August 29, to be precise, happened to be one of his father's days at home. The result was a neat little surprise party in honor of the junior partner of the Lavery Household Combine. All of the family were there, including Margaret with her family, and Bob proud in the possession of his first suit with long trousers held the place of honor at the head of the table. Incidentally, he had helped his mother set the table, while the rest were enjoying themselves on the lawn. At the last moment, Father Kelly, the pastor of the Salem congregation, dropped in and the party was complete.

Everything went off as per previous arrangement even to the final division of the gigantic birthday cake with its cluster of glowing candles, which occasion was a signal for a general discussion of Bob's future.

"I think Bob's made to be a priest," remarked his sister, Margaret, as she bit a piece of the delicious cake. Bob laughed quietly.

"Same here," gurgled William with his mouth full. "He's so daw-goned—er—er—I should say, awfully quiet," then catching Father Kelly's eye just twinkling with an incipient smile of amusement, "and—er—dignified." His remark was received with a roar of laughter that sent the blushes up to his hair. Bob said nothing; he was busy.

"What do you think, Father?" asked Mr. Lavery, leaning forward with evident interest.

"Well," began the priest leisurely, glancing slyly at William as he spoke, "if quietness and, ahem, dignity were the sole requisites or indications of a vocation, I think we could pronounce sentence. As a matter of fact, there are other and more important things to be considered. For instance, what does our young hero think about it? Bob, have you ever thought of what you would like to do in life?"

Bob looked up, saw all eyes turned on him curiously, and fervently wished he were any place but just there. There was dead silence as they awaited his reply. The large piece of ice cream he had taken stuck in his throat. He gasped, held his breath till he thought his eyes would pop out of his head, and then with a mighty effort, started the ice cream on its freezing course.

"Come on, Bob," encouraged the priest, "tell us what you ever thought you would like to do."

"Well, I—I," gasped the exhausted lad, "I always wanted to run a steam shovel or a concrete mixer." The roar that greeted this sent Bob flying out of the room. His mother followed him and found him, huddled in a corner, crying.

In a few minutes they reentered the room, and this time Bob was carrying something. All craned their heads to get a look at the new object. Mr. Lavery was first to speak.

"Well, I'll be—excuse me, Father—but look at that; if it isn't a complete model of a steam shovel, with all the equipment. Where did you get it, son?"

"Made it," came the laconic answer. Bob was sparing of words.

"Yes, he made it," continued his mother, "in between times when he did not have to work at his books or do something for me. And that's not all. When we are finished here, Bob will show you something else, that may surprise you."

"Well, come to think of it, we're about ready for the surprise.

Eh, Father?" The priest offered thanks and then all waited expectantly. Bob and his mother were whispering.

"Bobby says that you will have to wait for about ten minutes till he changes things a bit. Then he is going to give you a concert."

"Sufferin' wildcats!" exclaimed John; "since when did he turn musician?"

"Since you began taking turns calling on Annette Murphy and Rosemary Jones," returned his younger sister briskly. She never lost an opportunity to make her big brother uncomfortable. "Now, clear out, and let Ma and her first Lieutenant fix the stage. It's going to be good, I know." They adjourned to the front lawn where all were soon engaged in a lively discussion of the strike situation in Salem.

In about fifteen minutes, Mrs. Lavery appeared in the doorway. "Come in folks," she called out, and then stepped aside to let them file by. As they entered they heard an orchestra playing.

"Shucks, a phonograph; I thought so," remarked Anna. She heard Bob chuckle, and then noticed that he was sitting at a table on which a funny looking black board was set, and beside it a large horn. "What, wireless!" Bob waved for silence, and Anna subsided.

"Exactly." Mrs. Lavery was proud of her boy and his skill. "Bob has saved every penny he earned doing errands and mowing lawns for the neighbors, and he has bought everything he needed. He also has a license to send messages." She had appointed herself spokesman for her son, for fear he would not do himself justice. All idea of vocations and future work was forgotten in the charm of the new amusement. While they sat around, he turned in on concert after concert. He did not bother about telling his audience the names of the cities they were hearing, as each musical selection was followed by such an announcement given by some more or less—chiefly less—distinct announcer. After an hour or so, Father Kelly interrupted the performance. He wanted to know! And while the grown folks gathered around, Bob showed them the coils, bulbs, batteries, etc., of his short wave regenerative receiver, and at the same time explained as well as he could the mysteries of their operation. Finally he explained the working of the Magnavox, or sound amplifier. He did not know all the terms, but that made it better for those who were listening to him. Finally, he led a procession to the basement where he had his sending outfit. It was not very large, but he remarked apologetically,

"I am only beginning. But look here, I got my license!" There it hung, beneath a skull and cross-bones used as a warning against meddling.

"Mr. Lavery," whispered Father Kelly to his host, "I feel very, very old. This is the day of the young. Young blood, young ideas, youthful initiative have come into their own. Wherever God calls Bobby, he has a great future ahead of him."

"I hope so," answered Mr. Lavery; but he was very thoughtful.

With the departure of the guests, the Lavery household fell into the usual routine, and Bob resumed his former status. The wireless thrill was only a temporary burst of glory for him. There was no more talk about his future work in life.

One evening, just before leaving the house to go to work, Mr. Lavery called his wife aside, and spoke a few earnest words to her. "I am afraid, mother, there will be trouble. We are to carry a carload of strike-breakers, at least so it is rumored, and the men from the Salem shops have been worked up by some hired outsiders till they are pretty sore." He kissed her goodbye, then left. She went immediately to her room and lit a little vigil lamp before a statue of the Sacred Heart, then knelt and prayed for her husband's safety.

It was early in the evening so she did not feel sleepy. But the minutes dragged by like hours. All the family except Bob were out at a dance in town, and the house seemed dreadfully lonesome. She tried to do a little sewing, but gave it up when she found that her mind would not remain on the work. Then she took up her rosary, a birthday present from her husband, and found some peace. After that was finished, she wondered where Bob could be. The crackle of electric sparks sounding in the distance announced the place of his occupation.

She hurried down the stairs to the cellar and found her son busy with the wireless, with his receivers strapped to his head. As she entered he turned to her, his face beaming with smiles.

"Say, mamma, what do you think! I've raised another operator fifty miles away. We have been talking for half an hour. He's awful nice, 'cause he sends slowly so I can catch everything. He says I can send pretty well. He was just telling me that there is a mob gathered around the railroad yards, but that they have been quiet so far. Listen—" He bent over his receiver, tuning carefully with his left hand

while he noted down something with his right. He forgot that the sounds traveled no further than his receiver.

"What is the news now, Bob?"

"Oh, excuse me, mother, I forgot." He signaled for a minute, then snapping off the headpiece, he switched on the big Magnavox. A few minutes of new adjustment and both could hear the signals clearly. Bob translated the message as it came. "They have heard that a load of strike-breakers is being carried through here tonight, but they do not know for certain which direction," he read slowly. Then, "He's just signed off. Suppose we have some music, mother."

Out on the road, Mr. Lavery found the night particularly trying. Owing to the scarcity of workmen in the shops, the engines were in poor condition. He was pulling a heavy freight that evening, and behind the caboose a car full of "scabs." That meant trouble. He knew just about where it might occur—a stretch of single track about fifty miles ahead, that ran over some culverts and through a few cuts. To make matters worse, a heavy fog was gathering ahead.

He drew up to the last station on the double track for orders. The operator ran out, waving a lantern as he came. Mr. Lavery brought the train to a full stop.

"Hey, Pat," screamed the man below; "the wires are down ahead. The last I heard was that Number 19 left Cincinnati on time, and again a half hour ago she was still on time and going good. Then something happened to the wires, both the telegraph and telephone."

"Well, how about raising Salem?"

"Wires are dead in that direction, too."

"Good Lord, that's bad. We might lie here all night, but there is the flyer coming after us in a couple of hours, and right after that the late accommodation. Say, we've got to get word through somehow."

A stranger came up to them while they were talking. The station operator raised his lantern and peered at him.

"Hello, Charley; thought you were one of them pickets."

"No such luck, thank heavens. What's up? You look worried."

"Wires are down and the tracks are loaded."

"Can you trust wireless?"

"Anything in a pinch. Have you got an outfit?"

"I have the outfit all right; but there is no one receiving around

here except one fellow over in Salem, and I guess he's gone to bed by this time."

"Well, try him anyhow," remarked Mr. Lavery. "That must be my boy, and I imagine he'll still be on the job."

Together they went over to the stranger's house, which fortunately was only across the street, and the other set was soon in motion. Again and again he ticked the signal, but without any trace of that trembling, halting response that he had been accustomed to all evening. Mr. Lavery looked at his watch; it was almost time for the flyer to go through, and also for the other train to reach that caboose with its crowded load of human lives. Of course a flagman had been sent back—but, men who would cut wires could easily foresee that! Suddenly the man shouted, "Great kid! I've got him! Now what do you want me to tell him?" A message was soon written out and transmitted. In a minute the answer came: "Will 'phone Salem station by Bell."

The next morning the papers in the big cities carried a story of the triumph of wireless, and its amateur exponents. But Bob never saw these accounts. Serene in the knowledge that he had helped to save human lives, he forgot about the rest. A few days later his father returned from the run, bringing a stranger with him.

"That kid!" he remarked as he shook hands with Bob. "Great Scot, what are we coming to! Shake again, brother 'bug'; I'm the fellow that was talking with you the other night. Let me see your outfit, will you?"

Bob showed him everything. Most of the parts were home made. The man said nothing; merely whistled from time to time. When they finished he called Bob's father aside.

"Say, what do you intend to do with that boy?"

"We were talking about that the other day. But we don't know. He's so quiet-like."

"Pshaw, just the thing; he thinks! Say, that boy has the real goods. Let him come over and work with me this summer; I am in charge of an electrical plant and will see that he gets a job that will teach him something. Then in September, back to high school with him. After that—a good course in Electrical Engineering."

"Well," remarked Mr. Lavery, slowly, "that sounds good, if, if—" he was going to say, "it does not cost too much," but on second thoughts he changed his words to, "he thinks that way, too."

"We can settle that in a jiffy," laughed the man. "Here son, how would you like to be an electrical engineer?"

Bob did not know just what an electrical engineer was, but he saw how interested his father seemed to be, so he answered, "Fine, fine, but—" he hesitated.

"Was there something else that you were thinking about?" inquired the other anxiously.

"Yes, sir—I had thought—that is, up till now—that I would like to run a steam shovel." Again this statement was received with a roar of laughter. Bob firmly resolved never to make such an admission again, and with that resolve, the period of his hermitage was over.

A BEST SELLER

As the boy who tended the newstand was absorbed in reading a book, I hunted around until I found the magazine I wanted and then approached him. When I spoke to him he did not raise his eyes from the page, but held out his hand for the coin and dropped it automatically into the till. I said:

"Where's the change?"

"What did you get?" he replied, still without looking up.

I told him.

"How much is it?" he asked.

I said I did not know.

"Can't you read it on the cover?" he inquired crossly.

Thus admonished I searched the cover until I found the price mark tucked away in the hair of the pretty girl picture. When I told the newsdealer he tossed the change over the counter. One of the coins rolled on the floor, but I recovered it while the boy read on.

Curious to learn the nature of the book he was reading I glanced over his shoulder at the title.

It was called "The Science and Art of Salesmanship."

That is about the way some study the Commandments or read about ways of keeping friend husband or friend wife in good humor. It sounds nice in print—but a little practice would go a great deal farther.

Every life follows its ideal, is colored by it, takes on its character, becomes like it. You can read a man's character if you know his ideal, for this always dominates his life.

The Paths of Light

BISHOP ALFRED A. CURTIS, D. D.: CONVERT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

"Read these two books, if you like, but pray and pray." That was Cardinal Newman's first advice to young Curtis. This advice he followed faithfully. He wrote to his friends on March 25, 1872, telling them the result of his interviews with the great lights of Anglicanism.

FEARS.

His correspondent was one of his old friends in the Anglican Church—who had already made her submission to Rome. She expressed some fear at Mr. Curtis' assertion that he must have all his difficulties cleared up, and she outlines her own mode of procedure. I cannot help giving it here because it is so full of common sense:

"I heartily hope I may have read your letter wrong," she says. "It has greatly saddened no one but me. The others see only the former assertion that if you cannot render allegiance to the Roman Church there is nothing else left to you; I mean as regards religious faith.

"To me you seem to say more now when you say that, unless facts are accounted for and difficulties cleared, you will not believe.

"Of course, I don't even know what your difficulties are. When I had to decide the question for myself, I saw, after a little thought, that the only rational thing for me to do, as to all difficult questions resting on ecclesiastical history or anything else which I could not myself examine, was simply to put these aside. Before we went to Mr. Lee (Father Lee of the Baltimore Cathedral) it had come with me to this—if Our Lord Jesus Christ is a verity, He established a Church; if there be on earth the Church of His founding, it is the Church of Rome. Then I had only to go to a living authorized teacher of that Church, and when I found that her doctrine, as stated and explained by him, neither contradicted anything I knew to be true nor contained anything I could not conscientiously accept—to render her full and unquestioning submission.

"Of course, your case altogether differs from mine, and your responsibilities and difficulties are immeasurably greater; but this never alarmed me—only the making conditions, the demanding that *all* should

be cleared up seemed fearful. Dr. Newman's silence on a question that tortures so many hearts seemed to show that he could not utterly explain and clear away difficulties—that he, too, was constrained to say to the Church sent by the Son as He had been sent by the Father, what Simon Peter had said to Our Lord when the many fell away before the great mystery proposed to them: 'To whom shall we go? Thou only hast the words of eternal life.' I do not see where the little child is, if one is to take nothing on trust."

But these fears were vain. Curtis had already sent off a letter to his old friends in which he tells of the step he had taken.

AT HOME AT LAST.

This letter is dated April 20, 1872. A spirit of exaltation and gladness pervades it. He has found the end of his wandering, the end of his struggles—peace and security. He writes:

"I have delayed writing to you for the reason that I was in retreat when your last letter came, and then I wrote no more than was necessary. I thought, too, that you would sooner have a letter when all was over, and I at last safe at home, than one telling you of my being still unreceived. I was received last Thursday, perhaps in the same way you were received."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

He was confirmed by Bishop Ullathorne, a Benedictine, and a very learned man. We cannot help smiling at his humorous description of the Bishop's breakfast.

"After Mass I was confirmed, kneeling before the Bishop seated at the middle of the altar. And again he made me feel then and there he was giving me something worth having.

"We stayed and breakfasted with him. * * * On the whole I did not think it much of a breakfast for 'My Lord' to act before his two guests. But he did not seem to know at all that it was anything less than princely. And so I took it into my head that 'My Lord or not,' yet he was not much used to making luxurious breakfasts, at least not at home. * * * I myself was quite charmed with the breakfast, and thought it very much to the credit of the Bishop that we got no better one."

A VIEW OF INFALLIBILITY.

Infallibility, which is so often a bugbear, is so often viewed as a

gyve on freedom of thought and a blight on scientific research, now appealed to him in an altogether new light. He tells of it in the letter quoted from already, when repeating parts of his conversation with Bishop Ullathorne:

"He told me some things about the late Council (Vatican) which surprised me no little. One was that the Council was determined on first, with a view to revising the Canon Law, and that the prerogatives of the Holy See were defined as an afterthought, when the bad people began to get up a hubbub.

"And that struck me as so like what the Church ought to be and all along has been, namely: she lets people alone, till they begin to contradict, deny and rebel, and then, instead of humoring them, as is the case in places I know (the Protestant Church), she wakes up and says: 'What is all this stir about? What for are you quarreling about my meaning? This is what I mean and what I meant all along. And now stop your noise and go along and do your work in your own place. If you quarrel before I define I will forgive you if you yield with good grace; but if you presume to quarrel after I have spoken, I will cut you off to a certainty.'"

It is this sense of certainty and security that the trust in an infallible guide gives that now brought him the greatest peace. He says:

"One of the chief benefits of becoming a Catholic is just the fact that you find so much you don't understand, and that makes you feel as if you had gone back a long way, and turned baby again. And it's very nice being a baby when you have such a grand thing as the Church to take you in its arms and carry you along. I am intensely happy every hour of the day for my second babyhood."

And again he writes:

"Then the feeling that you have found the real thing at last, and need not seek any more, that is just delightful. You don't have to *sneak* out your invocations to the saints any more. You don't *sneak* to Confession, you don't adore the Master in the Sacrament in a half surreptitious way: what your heart longs to do, you may do to your heart's content, and nobody will dream of calling you names. Yes, this secure feeling that you have found the reality, and the way to Catholic things in an open way is a great rest."

The Mighty Lover

LETTERS FROM MARY

E. L. MATTINGLY, C. Ss. R.

Difficulties began to loom. There never yet was any great and good undertaking which was not beset with difficulties. But she met them bravely yet prudently. Her letters give us an insight into her thoughts.

Wednesday, July 7, 1920.

DEAREST ELINORE:

Today I paid Him a noonday visit; I talked to Him as I would to a Father, and a great peace stole over my soul. I explained my difficulties and begged for strength and guidance which I am sure will come to me. Oh, Elinore, I think of this vocation morning and night. In the day because of my work it is necessarily pushed to the back of my mind. But it is there always and often. Oh, so often, do I think of you. Were you more courageous than I? If so, you needed the courage and I am weak and vacillating if I do not call on my reserve powers and back my desire with determination and resolution with something positive that will help me see it through.

While I need God's help greatly I must exercise my own will.

On August 15 I shall tell Mother, and then, God helping, I shall leave soon after Christmas, soon after His Birthday. There will be much, very much, I realize, to learn; yet I am willing for His sake. Sometimes I doubt if my vocation is real. Did you ever doubt? Elinore, Elinore, how I wish you would answer. You could encourage me. As it is now, it is an internal struggle that is being waged in which I must prove victor.

I see clearly there is nothing holding me back. None are dependent on me. I have no cares. I am as innocent as I ever will be. I am not attracted unduly by the pleasures of the world. I am leaving but little for His dear sake. Why, then, am I reluctant? Why do I hesitate? Human nature it is, but it must not stand between me and my Eternal Bridegroom, my Love as well as yours, and countless others. I am praying to our Heavenly Mother for help. She will send it to me, I am sure.

God help me. Elinore, pray for me.

Perplexed,

MARY.

Monday Night, 11:15 P. M.

July 12, 1920.

ELINORE DEAR:

I know I should have been in bed long ago, but I must write you. At times my desire is strong—so strong, and then it wavers. I was out riding with Helen, Pearl and Connie tonight. I feel the attraction to a good time that almost any normal, healthy girl must feel. I think of this call to the higher life constantly. A thousand times I ask myself, "Am I giving up too much?" At times my conviction wavers, then again it is *NO* in capitals that answers my question.

I received Him into my heart Sunday. About a week ago I started to make daily visits to Him at St. Mary Magdalene's to pray to Him and His Blessed Mother for light. I always light a candle before her shrine. I look forward to these visits. I have noticed another girl making the Stations and wonder what perplexing question she has to solve.

I have been fearing of late that when I tell the priest of my desire he will advise me to wait a year. That will be too long indeed. Will my resolve remain steadfast for that length of time? Pray, Elinore, that it will. I wish for the Higher Life. I am reading the "Question Box" now and learning much about our Holy Religion.

Can my present desire be merely the result of too much introspection, or is it a real call from God? I realize that a decision made now will affect my whole life. May I be given the light to choose the right course!

I am not too young; I am satisfied on that point. I want to be as holy and resigned as those nuns whom I see each Sunday at Mass. Were they ever beset with doubts or regrets? Am I being tried now to test my strength?

I sobbed myself out yesterday. I can't help it. I think and think always. It seems as if my thoughts travel in a circle which always ends up with the conviction that I am intended for the Religious Life. If I take it up may God grant me the grace and perseverance to follow it the rest of my days, and during eternity may I wear the Teacher's Aureole. Such is my constant prayer to Mary.

I wish I might see ahead a few years. Will I some day smilingly re-read these letters and think of this feeling as a religious mood—or shall I one day be able to find in these notes the beginning and growth of a promising Religious Vocation?

Praying for light,

MARY.

Sunday, July 18, 1920.

DEAR ELINORE:

Do not think that I am losing my fervor. I have not written: I have been torn so between doubt and conviction. That may sound strange but it is true. My head aches from thinking so much and my thoughts seemingly travel in a circle. Oh, Elinore, if only I were as brave as you. I visited St. Mary Magdalene's several times last week. I pray constantly to Mary for light and to God for strength.

At times I see my path and my duty and again I am puzzled and lost. I do so want to go to Him. I long for Him. I want to teach. But am I fitted for that life? Is there any especial call or manifestation of God's love beyond a love for all that is holy and a realization of the shallowness of all worldly things? Am I too weak? I ought not to be. Does He want me? He surely does. Am I needed at home? No. Am I attracted by worldly pleasures? No, not unduly. What, then, is there to prevent my entrance to a Religious Order? Nothing. I must go. I want to go. I am firm in my determination that it is best for me and that I am fitted for such a life and could grow in grace and strength with the help of God. I am praying unceasingly that I may be shown the truth. I am not too young.

If I go to the University I will be mingling with all sorts and classes of people who hold different religious beliefs than I. Many of them are unbelievers. It is reasonable to expect that there I will meet my life mate if I am to marry. I am putting myself in direct danger of losing my Faith. That must not happen. It will not happen. I would then probably teach in a Godless public school. I know what they are, having attended them nearly all my school days. There I would work for a mere money consideration, while I might be winning laurels in Heaven were I devoting my life in a parochial school, preaching the gospel of His love to His children. No, if I am going to teach, I will teach for the glory of God.

Elinore, I am convinced that the Higher Life, the Life of Coun-

sels, is the life for me. I shall tell Mother of my decision on the Feast of the Assumption. Could there be a more fitting time? And, God helping, before another summer has passed I will have been gathered to His Bosom in some Convent.

I know that a mere declaration of my intentions will not make a holy nun of me. I must pray harder than ever then. Perhaps God is trying me now. I am restless and constantly debating in my own mind. While awake I never cease thinking about it. At work, on the cars, every place He is speaking to me, urging me to come to His Sacred Heart. With His help and my prayers I soon hope to be with Him.

I attended two Masses today. It is getting to be my usual custom. I play the beautiful hymns in preference to my other music. Elinore, pray for me. I need it so much. I think daily of you and of your sacrifice. Would my vocation have been strong enough to enable me to give up all you did? Yours was indeed a call from God.

I am trying to repay in some measure now my infinite debt to my father and mother. All that I have earned will soon be theirs, I hope. I want to be as poor as He, as meek and humble, and as pure. The purity of the conventual life attracts me more than anything. And I want to preserve my own innocence for Him. I want to give myself entirely to Him before I have been tainted the tiniest bit by the world. I am not perfect now; far from it. I shall be Sister Mary Elizabeth or Mary Margaret.

Lovingly,

MARY.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

At a luncheon given by the Catholic Actor's Guild of New York, Wilton Lackaye went after immoral plays with vigor and determination. He insisted that it was greatly in the hands of the people and especially of the women, to do away with unworthy productions.

"Is not the mother," he asked, "who puts a five dollar bill into the hands of a son or daughter to see any play they like, catering to the production of the immoral play? More likely than not the boy or girl will go to see one of these ill-advised plays which portray scenes, which if enacted in a house two blocks away, would bring about a police raid. The improper play thrives on the support given by the youth of New York . . . So I repeat, the censorship of which we hear so much today, should be in the homes and hearts of the theatre-going public."

“Winnow Not With Every Wind”

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI

If we were conformed to the Divine Will in all things, we should undoubtedly become saints and be the happiest of mankind. This, then, should form the chief object of our attention, to keep our will in unbroken union with the will of God in every occurrence of life, be it pleasant or unpleasant.

Some persons resemble the weathervane, which turns about in every wind that blows. If the wind is fair and favorable to their desires, they are all gladness and condescension; but if there blow a contrary wind, and things fall out against their desires, they are all sadness and impatience. This is why they do not become saints, and why their life is unhappy, for in the present life, adversity will always befall us in a greater measure than prosperity.

St. Dorotheus said that to receive from the hands of God whatever happens is a great means to keep ourselves in continual peace and tranquility of soul. And the saint adds that on this account the ancient Fathers of the desert were never seen angry or melancholy, because they accepted joyfully whatever happened to them as coming from the hand of God.

Oh, happy the man who lives wholly united and abandoned to the Divine Will. He is neither puffed up by success nor depressed by reverses; for he well knows that everything comes from the selfsame hand of God; the will of God is the single rule of his own will; thus he does only what God wishes him to do, and he desires only what God desires. He is not anxious to do many things, but to accomplish with perfection what he knows to be acceptable to God. Accordingly, he prefers the minutest obligations of his own state of life to the most glorious and important actions, well aware that in the latter self-love may find a great share, whereas in the former there is certainly the will of God.

Bishop Boyle of Pittsburgh recently gave a splendid encouragement to the Sodality movement in his diocese. Retreats were held in three sections of the city to accommodate all the sodalists. Three of the city's largest churches were utilized. In all 4,420 registration cards were signed. Bishop Boyle visited each of the churches on one evening of the week, and addressed the sodalists, urging them to return as apostles to their own parishes, to spread the sodality of Mary.

The Circle of Red

CHAPTER III:- "THE FLOOD TIDE"

J. R. MELVIN, C. Cs. R.

Buster could not help a start of surprise when he saw his companion of the elevator stand for a moment undecided as he himself paused for a moment outside the hotel, then as he started down Thirty-third Street towards Broadway, follow him at a respectful distance.

"Hello!" he murmured to himself; "a shadow!" Then his mind flashed back to the events of the evening—the interrupted conversation, the shot in the corridor, which strangely enough had seemingly caused not the least excitement in the hotel, at least so far as he could judge—(a detective of the house halting a sneak thief had been the explanation vouchsafed the guests by Goggin)—the appearance of the Lady in Black at the door of the room opposite—the mysterious note—the meager details given him by Goggin or Kane, whatever his real name might be—his errand "up town, down town and Cherry Street," as he put it to himself—and now the mysterious young woman following him. "Gee!" he ejaculated half aloud, "it sounds like a movie thriller—and all I can gather of the plot is that the Reds are scheming something and Goggin is in the way, so I'm to be a decoy and cover his trail."

So musing he traversed the short block to the Penn Arcade, hurried through it, and made sure by a backward glance through the deserted Arcade that the woman was still following. Thence he made his way down Thirty-fourth Street to Broadway. He leaped into the closing doors of a downtown Express and saw the doors shut in the face of his trailer. He chuckled to himself at thus easily eluding her, and at Fourteenth Street got out of the Express and boarded an uptown Local. However, his glee was short lived, for at Times Square the Lady in Black coolly boarded his car and sat down directly behind him, as if oblivious of his presence.

"All right, Miss," mused Ryan; "if you are determined to follow me, you're sure going to have a wonderful night. I have a lot of time on my hands and it sure will be a lot of fun to play tag with a good looking dame like you!" For a more than surreptitious glance had assured Buster that the Woman in Black was strikingly beautiful.

Heedless of the danger which the pursuit of him surely signified, Buster amused himself by changing trains at Fifty-ninth Street. He saw the lady suddenly lose interest in her newspaper and follow him. The blue turban, the only bit of color that relieved her otherwise somber habiliments, was close behind him as he mounted the stairs of the subway at Broadway and Seventy-second Street. He lost her for a few moments in the crowd at Broadway, and chuckled to himself as by a running leap he swung aboard a bus bound across Central Park. However, when the bus emerged into Fifth Avenue, a taxicab swung beside it and followed the bus down Seventy-second Street. In the taxicab Buster caught a glimpse of a blue turban and smiled grimly as he realized that the pursuit of him was earnest and relentless.

"I wonder if she really thinks I am Goggin, or if she is trailing me simply because I was in his company," he mused. "Perhaps I have her fooled. I don't think she caught even a glimpse of Goggin, and I really believe she was watching for me when I came to the door that time. Oh, well, I should worry."

Buster did not dismount when Third Avenue was reached but retained his seat until the end of the route, Second Avenue, was called by the conductor. A glance at his wrist watch told him it was approaching eleven o'clock. In the pockets of his blouse he had found a ten dollar bill and some small change.

"I had better spend some of this before I get to Cherry Street," thought he. "Otherwise I may not have a chance." So, walking rapidly down the remaining block to First Avenue, Buster found himself on that busiest thoroughfare of the East Side which glories in the name of the "Bohemian Broadway." We will warrant that First Avenue in the "seventies" is the most cosmopolitan street in New York. Foreign tongues fall upon the ear from every side. Pole and Magyar and Bohemian stores are there. Italians, Swedes, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, Japs, and Chinese, you will meet at least two of them all on First Avenue any night. If the night be warm, as was the night in which Buster found himself on the Avenue, you will have to thrust your way bodily through the crowds gathered at the curb and guard your steps lest you stumble over one of the hundreds of baby carriages which clutter the sidewalks. Above all, you will have to smile politely as your progress is impeded, for this is the people's playground and any irritation shown may be followed by the clang of the

Flower Hospital Ambulance with the irritable pedestrian riding within.

Buster, whose appetite seemed omnivorous, wended his way to a tiny restaurant near Seventy-sixth Street. Here he ordered a dish of Hungarian goulash and a plate of the salted rolls peculiar to the inhabitants of Budapest and its environs. While waiting for his food he glanced around. About a dozen men were in the restaurant, each with a cup or rather bowl of the black strong coffee the Magyars love, before him.

Buster had just begun to enjoy his goulash when the door opened and the Lady in Black stepped into the restaurant. To his surprise, as she seated herself all the men in the restaurant arose and bowed respectfully.

"Gosh!" thought Ryan, "my lady friend must know these birds or else they're a whole lot more polite in America than in their home country!" He had not seen the signal which the Lady in Black had flashed to the men. What he did observe, however, was that in a second every eye in the restaurant was turned upon him.

Four of the men rose from their seats and moved as if about to close in on Buster. Another hidden signal from the Lady in Black and they seated themselves, scowling threateningly at Ryan. Buster made no move but quietly finished his meal, paid his bill and moved towards the door to depart. As he passed the table where the Lady in Black sat, he could not refrain from bowing ironically. To his surprise she returned his bow and murmured in a whisper: "Goggin, beware!"

"Gee! She's on the wrong track all right, all right!" was Buster's surmise.

Once on the street, he determined to waste no more time in completing the trip marked out for him by the detective. He turned up Seventy-sixth Street and hurried to Third Avenue, the most direct route to an Elevated Station. After a few minutes' wait, a South-bound Local appeared. He boarded it and was quickly whisked to Chatam Square. On the platform he looked carefully about to see whether or not the Lady in Black had been on the same train, but there was no sign of her.

"Gee! it's a pity such a good, innocent looking girl should be in with the Reds!" said Buster to himself as he descended the stairs of the "L" and turned down a side street towards the East River. He

felt carefully of his pocket and kept his hand gripping his revolver as he walked. East of Chatham Square is a neighborhood to make strong men quail—a neighborhood of holdups and frequent sudden deaths via the knife or gun route.

However, Buster reached Cherry Street without mishap and with no sign that anyone was following him. In days ago Cherry Street was in ill repute because of the frequent disappearance of men who ventured within its borders. Sometimes the bodies of these men were found floating in the East River, but more frequently they reappeared after a year or two telling strange tales of having been awakened from a drugged slumber in a ship far out at sea for which they were told they had shipped for a voyage to South America or some other equally distant land. Rumor has it that, in the days of the World War, when men were scarce and unwilling to go down to the sea in ships, the old-time activities of Cherry Street were revived and boats plied its underground passageways laden with drugged men to form the crews of ships that sailed the danger zone. Be that as it may, Buster Ryan felt a chill run up and down his spine as he ventured into the confines of this narrow, dark and sinister street that ends its existence only by plunging full upon the concrete walls that form the approaches of the Williamsburg Bridge.

Buster was congratulating himself on having eluded pursuit when a taxi dashed past him just as he was about to turn west out of the street. The taxi stopped before a ramshackle building from which lights shone through shuttered windows. Out of the taxi stepped the Lady in Black, and glancing neither to left nor right she rapped at the entrance of the building and was admitted without delay.

The taxi sped away. Buster stood nonplussed.

— “I wonder if she could have followed me or was this just chance?” he inquired of himself. “And now what am I do?” was the next question he asked himself.

Prudence told him his work was done. He had followed the directions of Goggin and completed his trip without mishap. However, curiosity combined with a spirit of adventure, and let us say also, a desire to know more of the Lady in Black, made him feel a wish to investigate further.

“I’ll bet a dollar Goggin figured on something like this, and wanted me to run it down,” was his reflection. “Let’s see!” he said; “I’ll get

you in front of the statue of Civic Virtue tomorrow morning, that is, if you're still alive! He certainly didn't figure on my being bumped off on this little trip and he didn't expect me to use this gun on the streets. I'm going to have a look."

Thus reasoning with himself, Buster approached the building which he had seen the Lady in Black enter. It had evidently been a saloon in the days before the Volstead Act, but Prohibition had driven its inmates and customers behind closed shutters. A hasty peep through the shutters revealed nothing to Buster, because shades were drawn behind the shutters. He tried the door cautiously. To his surprise it yielded.

He fastened the badge of the Police Department, which Goggin had given him, to his blouse, drew his revolver and opened the door.

"If anyone asks me my business, I can say I'm a Prohibition Officer," he mused as the sound of clinking glasses fell upon his ear.

As he opened the door a dark corridor was revealed in the fitful light of a near-by street lamp. He closed the door softly and crept silently down the corridor, revolver drawn.

Suddenly a door opened behind him, his revolver was knocked flying out of his hand, his arms were pinioned and he was dragged into a room, a prisoner.

Resistance was in vain. Four strong men had pounced upon him and in a moment he was bound hand and foot and fastened to a chair.

He sat against the wall of the room. In front of him was a circular table, above which hung a lighting fixture, around which was a device, a Circle of Red. About the table sat ten men and the Lady in Black. Each of the inmates wore on their breast a small black badge embroidered with a Red Circle.

"Well, Goggin," said one of the men with a slight foreign accent, "at last you have your wish. We have brought you here to see the Red Circle before you die."

Buster gave no sign that he had heard.

"You see, we had you trailed for the entire distance, knowing you would follow our lady friend." Then his tone assumed a tigerish purr. "You have had your wish. Now we shall have ours. Come, men!" He loosened the cords on his feet.

Two men took Buster by the arms and raised him to his feet roughly. The Lady in Black sat pale and motionless with averted face.

Led by the men who had spoken, those who held Buster captive led him from the room.

"Any brother who wishes, may come!" grated the leader as they left the room. One man followed lazily. The others merely shrugged their shoulders or sat smoking silently. The Lady in Black half rose, then gave a gesture of helplessness and sank back in her chair.

His captors led Buster down a flight of stairs. A chill breeze struck his face and he heard the ripple of water. One of the men gave Buster a push and threw him roughly to the ground, where they proceeded to bind his feet once more. Another produced a flashlight. By its gleam, Ryan saw that he was lying on the edge of a sort of dock in an underground passage which evidently led to the East River. At the foot of a flight of steps he saw a boat moored to an iron ring.

"Get the iron," rasped the leader. "Why did you not bring it?" One of the men hurried back whence they had come and quickly returned with an iron heated to a white heat.

"A little surgical operation for you, Mr. Goggin," said the leader, roughly tearing open Buster's blouse. Then he seized the iron from its bearer and quickly pressed it over Ryan's heart. Buster yelled lustily as the iron seared his flesh, but a grimy hand clapped over his mouth, quickly silenced him.

"Sorry to cause you pain!" said the leader. "It is ofer. Now you are branded with the Circle of Red. One more step yet remains. We shall bind you to this ring here. The tide is rising. You will have an hour to say your prayers. Then—Oh, well, what's the use! We will take your body where the police can find it in the harbor—that is, after we have completed the plans with which you meddled." He turned, gave a gesture of command to the others, who picked up Buster like a bag of meal and bound him fast to the ring—a foot above the water's level.

"And now farewell!" said the leader ironically. "I hope you will not find the water cold. Have you any request to make before we leave?"

"Yes," said Buster, speaking for the first time. "Give me a cigarette!"

"You shall have it!" said the leader. "You are a brave man," he continued admiringly. "I am sorry duty compels us to kill you."

"Thanks!" said Buster. "Hurry with the smoke!"

"You have no hope of escape. No one will come here," said the leader warningly.

"Oh, I guess I'll be all right!" said Buster, as the leader lighted one of the Turkish cigarettes he was smoking and placed it between the lips of the prisoner.

"Now, farewell once more!" said the leader. "We have business to attend to. Come, comrades!" With a bow he left and Buster heard the door slam above him.

He listened for a moment, and then laughed, not a hysterical nervous laugh, but a happy chuckle behind the lips that clutched tightly the cigarette.

Then twisting his head like a contortionist and raising his wrists as high as he could, he at last succeeded in bringing the burning tobacco in contact with the strands of rope that bound his hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE MILL THAT IS FOREVER GRINDING

"Our hearts," says St. Anselm, "are like a mill which is forever grinding, and which a certain lord gave into the keeping of one of his slaves, with the instruction that he should grind in it only his master's corn, and should himself live on what he ground.

"But his servant has a certain enemy, who, whenever he finds the mill unguarded, immediately casts into it sand which scatters the flour, or pitch which congeals it, or something which defiles, or chaff which merely fills its place.

"If therefore that servant guards the mill well, and grinds in it only his Master's corn, he both serves his master and gains food for himself.

"Now this mill which is forever grinding something is the human heart, which is always thinking something."

What are you grinding in your mill?

Yes, we fall daily into sin, but it depends upon ourselves to prevent our weakness from impairing our moral dispositions. If, as soon as we notice that we have fallen, we rise up bravely, saying from the bottom of our hearts, "*Mea culpa*", we may be sure that our will remains faithful to God.—*Card. Mercier*.

Catholic Anecdotes

THIS IS THE END

In the gay society of Paris about 1880, Miss Victorine Dulcer reigned as queen. She was gifted by nature with uncommon beauty, talents of the highest order, and a character so winning and attractive that her company was eagerly sought by all who knew her.

Unhappily she was educated in strict accordance with the spirit of this world and had grown up without any religion. The world had given Victorine all its best gifts. Scores of devoted servants stood ready day and night to do her bidding; she took her daily drives in one of the most splendid equipages to be seen even in luxurious Paris; two millionaires sought her hand and laid their hearts and their fortunes at her feet.

On the 18th of March, 1884, she returned home from a ball where all had paid her homage. On the following morning she was found in her boudoir with her white silk ball dress stained with blood. There was a bullet wound through her brain, a revolver at her side, and on the table a note. It read:

"I am young and rich; I am loved and honored; and yet I can bear to live no longer, for my heart can find no rest; it is miserable and empty."

And only last year, Olive Thomas, the actress, who in the bloom of youth and pleasure, put an end to her life amid the gayeties of Paris, left this simple but all expressive note:

"This is what Paris did for me."

WITHOUT A SINGLE BREAK

Friends and Partners For Forty-eight Years Without a Single Break, is the title of an article in the *American Magazine*. One paragraph is very pertinent:

"You two ought to know," says the interviewer. "With your years of experience, what would you say is the commonest cause of trouble between people who can't get along together?"

"Selfishness and insincerity," said Heath, one of the fortunate partners. "Don't you think so, Jim?" he asked the other.

"Yes," said he. "Most of the breaks that come in friendship or in business are due to the selfishness that makes one partner afraid he isn't getting all he should. He thinks he's carrying the other fellow. He wants the lion's share of the credit for any success that comes; and he begrudges his partner whatever credit the partner gets. * * *

"If you work with other people, you've got to understand one thing: The better the other fellow does, the better it is for you. If you put a spoke in his wheel, you make your own wheel drag, too. That's just as true of friends or husbands and wives, as it is of business partners."

This is a bit of natural virtue. It is God's own gift of common sense. But it takes a good schooling in real humility and self-control to reach a working knowledge of this wisdom.

REACHING THE GREATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT

Mr. Schwab, addressing the Directors of the Division of Advertising of the Committee on Public Information, recently said:

"There is one thing I do want to say, and I am glad to have the opportunity to say it. It has been a lifelong theory of mine, one that I have put into practice for thirty-five to forty years of industrial pursuits, rather successfully, and one which I think ought to be the keynote of everything we strive to do during this period when we wish everybody's greatest endeavor.

"I am a believer in the fact that men reach their greatest accomplishment by proper encouragement, not by criticism. I have yet to see the man, however great and exalted his situation, who is not susceptible to the approval of his fellow-men. And the severest criticism that can come home to any man is not, to find fault with him, but not to notice him at all. When a man is not noticed he knows that he has not gained the approval of his fellows; but when he is approved he gives his best effort."

Someone else has spoken of "the savage hurt of silence." It is something gleaned from long experience with men. And therefore may well be applied in all circles of combined work and also in the home. Do not inflict on those you love "the savage hurt of silence."

Pointed Paragraphs

THE HAPPIEST LIFE

St. Francis de Sales, writing to St. Jane de Chantal, in a letter, says:

"This morning I could think only of that eternity of blessedness which awaits us, but in which everything but the one invariable, ever-present love of the great God, seems to me little or nothing.

"For indeed, Paradise would be in the midst of hell—if only the love of God could be there. And if hell were the fire of the love of God, its torments would, I think, be desirable. I saw all celestial bliss as nothing compared with that sovereign love.

"Ah! Once and for all, let us this very day transport our hearts to the immortal King and henceforward live only for Him. * * * We are wholly God's, and our one aim is the honor of being His.

"If I had in me but one little shred of affection which was not in Him and for Him, I would pull it up in an instant by the roots."

ANGEL CHILD

September, season of golden harvests, hay-fever, post-season sales of already antiquated styles, depleted pocketbooks, sunburn, souvenirs of blisters and tan, and the reopening of school—hail!

Playtime is over, for young and old; but why the distinction since the old have been rejuvenated! At any rate, the schools are opening their doors. The streets are thronged with groups of America's future citizens wending their way more or less gleefully to the halls where the training necessary for that citizenship will be imparted to them.

Some enter magnificent buildings whose architecture bespeaks the last word in form and equipment. Others turn aside into buildings often not so splendid, and yet equally substantial, whose chief mark of distinction is the cross above the door. The children are back to school.

But the teachers; the Sisters who gave their lives for the proper instruction of many of these future citizens! For them, September marks, not the end of a period of relaxation and the beginning of a

new year of work, but the continuation of unbroken labors in the cause of education. For be it known that when June brings the time of vacation, these Sisters put aside their books only to take up others in Summer Schools scattered throughout the country. In one University there were forty Sisters enrolled. The same or even greater numbers were to be found in other institutions. And the labor is cheerfully done for the cause is great.

And yet, September will doubtless find the usual crop of fault-finders ringing the door bells of the various convents to register the usual complaints about the tyranny of the "teacher" and its appalling effect on the sweet disposition of "my darling chee-ild."

THE WAY TO MISERY

"There are unhappily for themselves," says Smiles, "persons so constituted that they have not the heart to be generous. * * * People of this sort often come to regard the success of others, even in a good work, as a kind of personal offense. They cannot bear to hear another praised, especially if they belong to their own art, calling or profession. They will pardon a man's failures, but cannot forgive his doing a thing better than they can do it; and where they themselves have failed, they are found to be the most merciless detractors.

"The sour critic thinks of his rival:

"When heaven with such parts has blest him,

Have I not reason to detest him?"

And this way lies misery of the blackest kind.

THE SIX GREATEST MEN

In a recent edition of a prominent magazine, much given to the modern vogue of "interviewing" noted men, there was a thought compelling article containing the valuable ideas of one H. G. Wells on the six greatest men in history. Without going into the qualifications of the man who makes the selection—the chief one being the fact that he is the author of "The Outline of History," a work which, though it may be outline, can hardly be called history; the interest for the present centers on two points: the standard of the selection and the selection itself.

To quote the article, "The historian's test of greatness is not 'What did he accumulate for himself?' or 'What did he build up, to tumble down at his death' but 'Was the world different because he lived? Did he start men to thinking along fresh lines with a vigor and vitality that persisted after him?'"

According to this standard, the selection is made, Jesus first, then Buddha, next Aristotle, Asoka, Roger Bacon, and Lincoln.

To merely review the claims of all those who could be said to have started men to thinking along fresh lines with a vigor and vitality that persisted after them, would require a book much larger than the "Outline" and vastly more scientific in makeup. But just in passing—when it comes to arousing fresh thought that persists, and persists not merely in the dusty tomes of some ancient library, but in the actual working principles used by men in their daily lives, can any of those mentioned, with the exception of the first, be shown to have produced results as far reaching and as "persistent" as those of the mediaeval monk, St. Thomas Aquinas? Think it over.

BLURB

A "blurb" is the technical name given to the "mush, gush and tosh" that publishers sometimes print on the jackets of new books in order to make them sell.

Invariably the author of the book is made out to be the genius of the hour, and the book the wonder of the season. At times the exaggeration is so plain that almost anyone can see through it.

Some people wear a jacket of that kind continually. If you listen to them you must come to the conclusion that no one can do things as well as they can. There is always danger of its being so plain as to be just "blurb."

VOWELS AND RHYMES

In poems that really please and win our admiration, there is nothing so natural as the blending of inspiration and expression, so that it seems to be just a single stream from a single source. And yet a master declares:

"Inspiration does not provide a poet with his rhymes and his

vowels. His problem is to find the rhymes and vowels without losing the inspiration."

It only proves that genius and inspiration and skill and whatever God-given advantage one may possess, he is not free from the law of work. It may be a matter of details only—insignificant in themselves—but there is always something that calls for effort. It may be the less brilliant factor in the poem, but nevertheless it is substantial.

So the guiding spirit and the planning brains need the humble but willing hands to carry out their schemes.

BLESSINGS IN THE CROSS

"It is a remarkable thing," says an eloquent preacher, "that every blessing of God's Church is always given with the sign of the Cross. There can be no blessing without it."

No doubt this is meant to signify that as all good and grace has come to us through the Cross of Christ, so Holy Church invokes its virtue in every blessing she bestows.

But the Cross of Christ is also the symbol of our own crosses—our daily trials and difficulties. Here, too, we must remember there can be no blessing without the cross. And every cross becomes the source of untold blessings to those who bear it patiently.

SPARKS

St. Philip said that we must sometimes bear with the defects in others, just as we must bear with defects in ourselves. He used to say:

"Only let a little devotion gain admittance into their hearts, and then you may leave them to themselves. They will soon do all and more than you wish."

For this reason he composed a series of ejaculatory prayers in Latin and in the vernacular, which he recommended:

"I know thee not yet, my Jesus, because I do not seek thee!"

My Jesus, what shall I do if thou dost not aid me?

My Jesus, what can I do to please thee?

My Jesus, what can I do to fulfill thy will?

My Jesus, give me grace to serve thee, not for fear, but for love.

My Jesus, I would fain love thee!

I distrust myself, but I trust in thee, my Jesus!

My Jesus, I can do no good without thy help!

My Jesus, I wish to do nothing but thy most holy will.

My Jesus, I have never loved thee yet, but I would fain love thee
now.

I shall never love thee if thou dost not help me, my Jesus!

I would fain love thee, my Jesus, but I do not know how.

I seek thee and do not find thee, my Jesus.

My Jesus, if I did but know thee, I should also know myself!

If I should do all the good in the world, what good would it be
after all, my Jesus!

I shall fall, my Jesus, if thou uphold me not!

My Jesus, if thou help me not I am ruined.

My Jesus, if thou wouldst have me, clear away all the hindrances
that keep me from thee!

My Lord, I wish to learn the road that leads to heaven!

O, my Jesus, grant that I may never offend thee!

O, my blessed Lady, give me grace to remember thee!

There is a story told of Diogenes that, being in a besieged town,
he rolled himself backwards and forwards in his barrel, saying that he
must do something because everyone else was doing something.

How like much of the fussy activity of our days that comes to
nothing!—*Rev. J. Halsey.*

What a good mother is to her child, that Mary will be to you in
everything that touches your salvation.

"I will!" How much that is hard has that word overcome; how
much that is great and beautiful has it accomplished!

Beauty lies within ourselves

After all, they say;

And the glad and happy heart

Makes the happy day.

Catholic Events

His Holiness, Pius XI, at his final interview with Bishop Schrembs of Cleveland, gave the Bishop this eloquent message for America:

"I love America better than any country. Especially do I love the Youth of America, for I know it is to this youth that the world must look for the solution of the problems which now affect the nations. The youth of America has a great responsibility, a great opportunity for service to the world, and I send them my blessing and ask God's benediction upon them that they may be the better fitted for the great task that will be theirs to perform. That they may be strengthened for His great service I pray that they may become strong in the Faith."

* * *

Bishop Schrembs, when asked for his impression of the Pontiff, replied:

"He is a magnificent figure of a man, big, strong-featured, with determined jaw, but a most kind eye. I had several interviews with him, and he was always most kind and affable and interested in what I had to tell him. He gives every matter of importance his attention. He is a prodigious worker. Cardinals who come to him with matters of importance are sometimes kept with him two or three hours. He holds them until he has every detail of the question. They say of his Holiness that he has little time for sleep so absorbed is he in the many intimate problems brought before him."

* * *

Representatives of four religious denominations and several other groups of citizens have availed themselves of the right to advance arguments against the compulsory school education bill, which will be voted on in Oregon next November. These arguments are published in the official state pamphlet giving the text of the proposed amendments. Among the groups that oppose the bill are included the Evangelical Lutherans, the Episcopalians, the Adventists and the Catholic Civic Rights Association of Oregon. In addition, a group of distinguished educators and public-spirited citizens advance arguments against the bill.

The Episcopalians declare the bill "an unwarranted and unjustified invasion of the civil and religious liberty of the citizens of the state;" the Adventists declare, "it tramples in the dust the inalienable rights of citizens," and that, "a thousand evils will follow if it is ever enacted"; the Presbyterians say: "it is based on the Prussian system and the method of Bolshevik Russia".

* * *

Several Masonic lodges of Oregon have come out in defence of the bill. Their one argument is thus put: We sponsor the bill because, "We recognize and proclaim our belief in the free and compulsory

education of the children of our nation in public primary schools, supported by public taxation, upon which all children shall attend and be instructed in the English language only, without regard to race or creed, as the only sure foundation for the perpetuation and preservation of our institutions, guaranteed by the constitution of the United States, and we pledge the efforts of the membership of the Order to promote by all lawful means the organization, extension and development to the highest degree of such schools, and to oppose the efforts of any and all who seek to hinder, limit, curtail or destroy the public school system of our land."

It is an interesting array of unwarranted insinuations and unfounded suspicions.

* * *

A nation-wide celebration of the tercentenary of the Propaganda and the centenary of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith is planned by the Archbishops and Bishops of Great Britain, to take place at Westminster at the end of September and the beginning of October. The celebrations will be held on an ambitious scale, and will surpass anything of a like nature that has ever been held in Great Britain. The three Hierarchies of England, Scotland and Wales will be gathered in the sanctuary of Westminster.

* * *

It has been announced that the celebrated author and thinker, G. K. Chesterton has at last entered the Church. In regard to his conversion, an Anglican clergyman writes in the "Public Ledger":

"As a parson of the Church of England, I should like to say that our Anglican treatment of the biggest—in every sense—asset we have on the intellectual side is on a par with our general muddleheadedness as a religious body. We have never had such an apologist as G. K. Chesterton, and yet he has hardly ever figured at a church meeting. We prefer the dull logic of some dry-as-dust professor from Oxford to the sparkling paradox of the greatest wit of the century."

At the same time, we cannot help noticing that the dull, dry-as-dust professor from Oxford as well as the "greatest wit of the century," finds his way to the One Church.

* * *

A new memorandum on the position of the Holy See with regard to the disposition of the sanctuaries in the Holy Land was forwarded from the Papal Sectariat of State to the Council of the League of Nations. The new communication is said to be an explanation of the protest made by the Vatican early in June.

* * *

The Central Society has for the past fifty-five years been a leader in Catholic social service. It has sponsored a program of industrial and social reform to allay unrest and combat radicalism and bolshevism.

In his address, Charles Korz, the president of the society, said:

"We have consistently worked for legislation to benefit labor, and have done what we could to prevent the weakening of good laws. We have stood for Christian solidarity."

On July 24th, after most solemn ceremonies the Papal Relief Expedition for Russia set out. The Pope celebrated Mass for the members of the Mission, and gave them Holy Communion, thus giving them, as he said, Jesus Christ to accompany and fortify them in their arduous undertaking. He impressed on them that they should do everything possible to relieve the sufferings of the Russian people. The mission is composed of laymen and priests. At the same time the Holy Father published an appeal to the world to help in the relief of Russia.

* * *

"Back to Christ for the solution of our social and economic problems" and "Back to the Constitution for the preservation of our Democratic Form of Government", were the slogans of the Convention mass meeting.

Major Duff, representing Governor Groesbeck, addressed the convention, saying:

"We are proud of the great commonwealth of Michigan, with its resources, its mines, forests, manufactures, lakes and Fords. But prouder still are we of the men and women we rear in Michigan. We are especially proud of our educational system, headed by the State university and including the parochial schools. Some people want to abolish these schools dear to you. Their proposal was snowed under two years ago. They tried to bring it up for the Fall election, but they failed to obtain enough signatures for their petition. Now they propose to put it up again in the Spring. But it is doubtful whether signatures obtained for the Fall elections are legal for the Spring election, as petitions must be filled four months in advance.

"This," said Major Duff, "is my private opinion and I am no lawyer. While a non-Catholic, I feel as strongly on the subject as many of you. We killed the proposal two years ago, and we will kill it again when it comes up."

* * *

Father Bernard Vaughan, the noted London Jesuit, is seriously ill. He is the twelfth of fourteen children of Colonel F. F. Vaughan and Eliza Rolls. Three brothers of Father Vaughan's father became priests (one a Jesuit, one a Redemptorist and one the Bishop of Plymouth) and three of his sisters became nuns. The next generation enlarged this record. For of Father Vaughan's eight brothers, six were ordained, and all his sisters entered the convent.

As a preacher Father Bernard Vaughan has attracted to his sermons all sorts and conditions of men. The press invariably pays close attention to his public utterances, which have been characterized by a vigor and fearlessness that have had great effect. He is also author of several well-known books.

* * *

John Williams lived a frugal life, and for twenty-five years worked daily doing all manner of work around the large estates in Bergen County, New Jersey. His one purpose was, to be able to do as much as possible for Catholic charity. He left an estate of \$10,000, to be divided among four Catholic institutions.

Some Good Books

Domicile and Quasi-domicile. An historical and practical study in Canon Law. By Rev. Neil Farren, B. A., B. D., D. C. L. Published by M. H. Gill & Sons, Ltd., 50 Upper O'Connell St., Dublin. Price 7s. 6d.

Domicile and Quasi-Domicile are important institutions in the legislation of the Church. In this book Dr. Farren gives us a succinct but very good treatise of these subjects. He first treats the domicile of the Roman Law—a necessary preliminary for the correct understanding of the institution in Canon Law. He then gives a survey of the gradual adoption of the same into the law of the Church together with the rise and development of the Quasi-domicile. The greater part of the book is devoted to Domicile and Quasi-domicile as we now find them in the Code of Canon Law. The practical applications to Laws, sacraments, and funerals are short, but withal very good. Although some points and difficulties are omitted, still the little volume will be of great interest and help to ecclesiastical students and the clergy in general.

Supplement I. The Catholic Encyclopedia. Published by the Encyclopedia Press, New York.

The makers of the Catholic Encyclopedia are determined to keep that great work up to date. Witness this First Supplement and Year Book of close to 800 pages. It contains the additional or supplemental matter needed chiefly in biography and geography, to cover the changes that have come about in territorial boundaries and in the establishment of new nations, in the constitution of new dioceses and the opening up of new missions; the origin of new social, political, and religious organizations and movements and the development of those that were already in progress.

To facilitate reference, the various articles note volume and column of

the main work where the same subject is treated. Every possessor of a set of the Catholic Encyclopedia should add this volume to his library. And even others will find it a good investment.

Catholic Home Annual for 1923. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price 25 cents; postpaid 29 cents.

For forty years now the Catholic Home Annual has been coming to our Catholic American homes, and each year it finds a hearty welcome. And little wonder, for young and old enjoy its interesting stories, its instructive sketches, and beautiful pictures. Order at once from the Liguorian.

The Divine Story. A Short Life of Our Blessed Lord Written Especially For Young People. By Cornelius J. Holland, S. T. L. Illustrated. Published by Blase Benziger and Co., New York. Price, postpaid, \$1.10.

The child's mind delights in stories. There is no story so captivating as that of Our Lord. It will without a doubt interest the young people for whom it is written.

But more than that. The child's mind grows on the stories read or heard, and with its mind, its character grows. We cannot, therefore, assure ourselves in a better way of the healthy growth of the young mind and character, than by providing for it such food as *The Divine Story*.

The facts of our Lord's life are the very foundation of our Faith. A child, in particular, grasps religious truth better in the form of facts. This every educator knows. The Gospel story is the Apostles' Creed in life and action. No better inculcation, then, of the catechism lessons can be found than the reading of such a book as this of Father Holland's.

Mothers (and fathers for all that) who wish to tell their children gripping stories,—stories that will sweeten and sanctify their childhood days, will do well to read such a book.

Lucid Intervals

When Willie's father came home to supper there was a vacant chair at the table.

"Well, where's the boy?"

"William is upstairs in bed." The answer came with painful precision from the sad-faced mother.

"Why, wh-what's up? Not sick, is he?" (An anxious pause.)

"It grieves me to say, Robert, that our son, your son—has been heard swearing on the street. I heard him."

"Swearing? Scott! I'll teach him to swear." And he started upstairs in the dark. Half-way up he stumbled and came down with his chin on the top step.

When the atmosphere cleared a little Willie's mother was saying sweetly from the hallway: "That will do, dear. You have given him enough for one lesson."

Although her coffee-colored husband had just completed an advantageous trade in the mule market, Mrs. Jefferson Lee was perturbed.

"Rastus," she worried, "yo-all tol' Mister Jackson dat mule was gentle, an' yo' knows she's a reg'lar debbil. S'posin' she kicks Mister Jackson. Den he'll bring dat mule back an' raise fits."

"Lissen, 'ooman," returned her husband tranquilly. "If dat mule breaks mah guarantee and kicks Mistah Jackson, Mistah Jackson ain't gwine bring dat mule back. No, ma'am. Ah knows dat mule's power."

Clarence—"It's easy to see your people came from Ireland."

Terence—"An' that's where ye're wrong. They did nothing of the kind."

Clarence—"What? Didn't they come from Ireland? With that brogue?"

Terence—"They did not. They're there yet."

The extremely thin woman in the street car resented the stout woman's crowding her, and turning to her remarked, "They ought to charge by weight in this car." The stout woman

looked at her contemptuously and remarked quickly, "Well, if they did, they wouldn't stop for you at all."

The first Tommy was ruddy of complexion, with a huge growth of beard of the hue known as auburn. The second was smooth shaven. Said the latter: "I useter have a beard like that till I saw myself in the glass, then I cut it off." But the bearded man was not dismayed. "Much better to 'ave left it on, mate," he returned gently. "I useter have a face like yours till I saw it in the glass. Then I growed this beard."

He—"And why do you think I am a poor judge of human nature?"

She—"Because you have such a good opinion of yourself."

An irate fan who had watched the home team go down to defeat stopped the umpire as he was leaving the park.

"Where's your dog?" he demanded.

"Dog?" ejaculated His Umps. "I have no dog."

"Well, you're the first blind man I ever saw who didn't have a dog," returned the disgruntled one.

Teddy—"I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning."

Mamma—"You see how wrong it was, don't you dear?"

Teddy—"Yes; cause I didn't know till noon that he was going to give a party."

Box—"I hear your friend, the naturalist, has met with an accident. What was it?"

Cox—"Someone gave him a tiger cub and said it was so tame it would eat off his hand, and it did."

Sambo—"Looky heah, big boy. don' yo-all mess wid me, 'cause Ah's hard! Las' week Ah falls on a buzz saw an' Ah busts it—com-plete-ly."

Rambo—"Call dat hard? Listen, man, Ah scratches de bath tub."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the courses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

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Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis) \$100.00; Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church) \$185.00; Burse in Memory of Father Brown, \$3,958.50; Burse of St. Joseph, \$577.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,435.00; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$201.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$226.00; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Anne, \$152.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$518.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$132.00.

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